

# GOOD FIRES BAD FIRES

## Good Fires, Bad Fires

*Olivia is a little girl who likes to play with matches. Her dad warns her to be careful around fire, but Olivia forgets!*

This resource is part of FESA's 'Fire, Inside Out' fire safety education kit. The Junior Primary kit includes:

- The big book, 'Good Fires, Bad Fires'
- A comprehensive teachers manual
- Student work sheets
- A fire song music CD
- Fire safety strategies and ideas
- Cross curricular lessons

**FIRE**  
INSIDE OUT



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Olivia Johnson liked fires. She liked warming her hands by the fireplace in winter. She liked blowing out the burning candles on her birthday cake. And she loved cooking sausages over the hot coals at a barbecue.

“Fires are good,” Olivia always said.

Olivia’s mother and father knew how much Olivia liked fires. They were always telling her not to forget that fires could be bad as well as good.

“I won’t forget,” said Olivia.

But she did.



One cold winter day, Olivia was standing in front of the fireplace trying to get warm.

“I’ll warm up faster if I am closer to the fire,” she thought, “but this fire screen is in the way.”

Olivia’s father had always warned her that sparks could jump out from the fireplace.

“Don’t forget, Olivia. Sparks might burn the carpet,” he said.



But Olivia forgot. She moved the firescreen away and a spark leaped onto the carpet.

Mrs Johnson noticed the burning smell and ran into the room. The carpet was scorched.

“We are lucky that the spark didn’t cause a fire, Olivia,” said Mrs Johnson, “but it has made a big black hole in the carpet.”



One fine spring day it was Olivia's birthday. She was very happy. She looked at all the candles alight on her cake and she clapped her hands with excitement.

Her long sleeves were very, very close to the candles on the cake.

"Be careful, Olivia!" Mrs Johnson said. "Don't forget that those candles could catch your clothes on fire!"



But Olivia forgot. She leaned over the candles to blow them out.

Olivia was lucky that instead of touching the candles, her sleeves dragged in the chocolate frosting on the cake.

Olivia had chocolate all over her.



One sunny summer day, the Johnsons decided to have a barbecue.

Mr Johnson put some matches beside the barbecue. Then he went inside to get the sausages.

“I’ll have a barbecue, too!” Olivia thought to herself. She took the matches and went inside her cubby.



“Look, everybody!” she said to her dolls and soft toys. “We are going to have a barbecue. Watch how I can light these matches just like Daddy!”

She lit a match and watched it burn. Quickly, it burnt down to her fingers.

“Ouch!” she cried, “that hurts!” and dropped the match.





The match fell onto some old comics. They began to burn.

The flames grew bigger and bigger and Olivia was scared.

She ran out of the cubby crying, “Mummy! Daddy! A fire!”



“Call the fire brigade!”  
shouted Mr Johnson as he  
turned on the hose and ran  
back to the cubby.

He pointed the hose into the  
open door of the cubby. Smoke  
poured out all the windows.



The fire brigade arrived with sirens screeching. Officer McGee and his firefighters stormed into the yard and ran to the cubby.

They looked in the windows. They crawled in the door.

When they came out, Officer McGee announced that the fire was over.



“How did the fire start?”  
asked Officer McGee.

“I was playing at having a  
barbecue, like Daddy does,”  
sobbed Olivia.

“I don’t play with fire  
Olivia,” said her father. “I use  
it very carefully. And I make  
sure I only light good fires, not  
bad fires.”

“Don’t you remember all  
those times we told you about  
bad fires?” asked Mrs Johnson.

“I forgot,” said Olivia.



“Well, our job is finished here,” said Officer McGee. “I’m sorry your cubby was burnt Olivia, but you can thank your Dad for being so quick with the hose. It could have been worse.”

Olivia walked over to her cubby and looked in at the wet and sooty mess. She saw that the fire had burnt Lisa, her favourite doll, and some of her toys.

Then she looked up at her mother and father.



My fire was a bad fire,  
wasn't it Daddy?" she said.  
"It burnt Lisa!"

"Yes your fire was a bad fire  
Olivia," Mr Johnson said, "and  
sometimes when bad fires get  
started, children can get hurt.  
Don't forget Olivia, matches  
are tools and they are only for  
grown-ups to use. But now,  
I think we should clean up  
this mess."

"I'll cook the sausages  
while you clean up," said  
Mrs Johnson.



Olivia and her father put the burnt comics in the rubbish bin.

They mopped up the water on the floor.

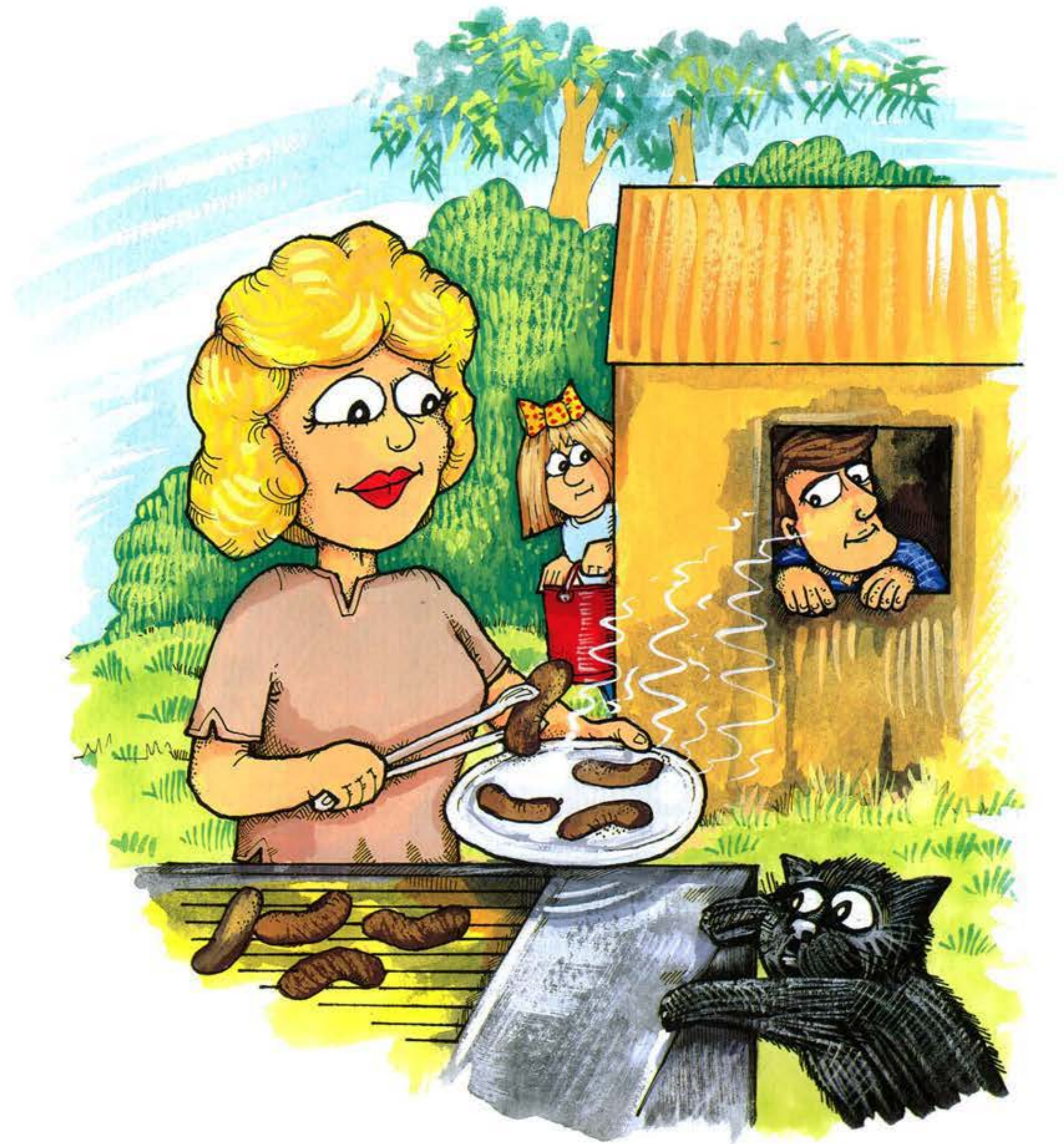
They checked all the dolls and soft toys to see if any could be fixed.



Then Mr Johnson poked his nose out the cubby window. “Those sausages smell so good,” he said, “I can’t wait to eat. Let’s go!”

Olivia was hungry too, but there was one more thing she had to do.

She found the box of matches and gave them to her father.





“Here Daddy,” she said,  
“You’d better keep these! I  
won’t play with matches again.  
And I’ll always make sure  
there is a grown-up around so  
that good fires don’t turn into  
bad fires.”

“Don’t forget,” said Mr  
Johnson.

“I won’t forget,” said Olivia.  
And she didn’t.

